

The Inquirer.

A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3499.
NEW SERIES, No. 603.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909.

[ONE PENNY.

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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, July 18.

LONDON.

Aton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Rev. ARTHUR HURN; 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. JOHN C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. G. EDWARDS; 6.30, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. FRANK L. PHALEN.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. COPELAND BOWIE.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. C. F. HINTON; 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., no Morning Service; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15, Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A., and Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.; 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS, and Rev. H. S. PERRIS, M.A. Closing Services.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. STANLEY P. PENWARDEN.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. C. H. MARSH ROBERTS.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. A. W. MAGUIRE; 6.30, Mr. W. RUSSELL.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Willesden, High School, Craven Park, 7, Rev. JOHN F. PARMITER.
 Wimbledon, Collegiate Hall, Worple Road, 11, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS; 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMEY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel (near the Knoll), Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. M. R. SCOTT. Sunday School Sermons and Collections.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS, "A Rational View of the Bible."
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLAHLAN, M.A., B.D.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. T. JENKINS.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. COLLINS ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. ERNEST PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

Schools, etc.—continued from front page.

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Annual Meeting at Bournemouth, Wednesday, July 21, 1909.

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 1.15 p.m. Luncheon, 1/6 each.
 2.45 p.m. Business Meeting.
 5.0 p.m. Tea, 6d. each.
 6.30 p.m. Service in the Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, conducted by Rev. Jas. Ruddle. Sermon by the Rev. Matthew R. Scott.

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THE

CLOSING SERVICES

will take place on SUNDAY, JULY 18.

11.15. Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A.
 Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.

7.0. Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.
 Rev. H. S. PERRIS, M.A.

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THE INQUIRER.

A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A MANIFESTO dealing with the cruelties on the Congo and the moral responsibilities of England was issued on Monday as the result of a meeting of representative religious leaders at Lambeth Palace. It has received the signatures of the two Archbishops, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Birmingham, and Southwark, Dr. Clifford, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the chairman of the Congregational Union, the secretary of the Baptist Union, and many others. It cannot, with names like these, be set aside as a piece of sentimental pleading. It affords impressive evidence of the community of feeling which animates our national Christianity, when it is confronted with great moral issues and responsibilities. We doubt, however, whether the rank and file of the churches have yet realised the gravity and the accumulating horror of the situation as clearly as their leaders. For many kind and well-intentioned people the whole question is still remote from the practical interests of life, and they are very vague about the extent of our responsibility and our right to intervene.

FOR this reason it is very necessary to repeat the facts which are stated briefly, but clearly, in the manifesto. The recent White Book proves, it says, beyond question, that at this moment a system which involves many of the worst features of African slavery, or even exceeds it in horror, is prevailing through a territory of nearly one million square miles. The British and American peoples have the greatest measure of responsibility for placing that territory under the authority which has governed it for a quarter of a century. That responsibility we cannot evade. Virtually, the whole land has been monopolised for the benefit of European investors, and the native inhabitants are excluded from any share in the benefits accruing from the exploitation of their soil. Men, and even women, are forced into a life of endless and unpaid toil, to which death alone brings relief. Inhuman punishments prevail. Disease and famine, following naturally in the wake of tyranny and violence, are sweeping whole districts bare of inhabitants. And for all this Great Britain (however

unintentionally it came about) is in part responsible. Twenty-five years ago we sanctioned the formation of the so-called "Congo Free State," on the ground of its being "a humane and benevolent enterprise" intended to work the benefit of the inhabitants of the country.

THE manifesto concludes with the following words of solemn moral warning and appeal, which we would commend in their entirety to the earnest consideration of our readers :—"We believe that in the minds of thoughtful and observant men and women, and especially in the minds of those who deliberately desire to be guided by the principles of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is a deep and growing sense that things cannot without dishonour be left where they are. The very principles of liberty, for which the British people have contended for a hundred years, are now at stake. If the members of the Christian Churches of the land will make their voices heard, the statesmen, not of England only, must needs listen, and the best instincts of every civilised country will respond. We have been reminded by our foremost political spokesman upon foreign affairs that 'British treaty rights and British interests' justify separate action on the part of Britain. In our judgment, the greatest by far of British interests is the maintenance of the moral force of the nation, and the greatest of all risks which the nation can run is the abandonment of its moral obligations."

THE remarks of "Quartus" on Church affairs, which appear weekly in the *Manchester Guardian*, are worthy of the attention of thoughtful people who wish to understand the rational grounds of difference upon many subjects of controversy, and possibly to enter with sympathy into a point of view different from their own. In dealing with the new regulations for training colleges, which Mr. Runciman, evidently with personal reluctance, but yielding to the pressure of public opinion, withdrew on Thursday night, he expresses his own misgiving of their wisdom on the ground that they represent a compromise which can satisfy nobody.

"It is clear," he writes, "that a very decided step has been taken in the direction

of Christianising the training colleges. It will be interesting to see how the new regulations work. We are not a logical people, we English; nor is it wise in practical matters to be the slave of *a priori* principles. But it is fair to ask, What sort of knowledge of the Bible does the Board desire to encourage? Does it aim at teaching the Bible as a literary classic of the religious kind? If so, then only select portions of Holy Scripture should be employed—the finest narratives, earlier and later; the choicest psalms and prophecies; certain parables and visions; certain stories of heroes, saints and martyrs. Or is the Bible to be read as the history of a Divine purpose revealing itself in humanity? Certainly that is what all English Christians have believed, and believe to-day. This gives Scripture its unique interest and importance. But the belief in a Divine purpose in the Bible implies a theology. With that in view you cannot evade the question, "Who and what is Jesus Christ?" "Some of us will be fortified in the conviction," such is his conclusion, and it is one which has grave difficulties of its own, "that the only solution of this embittered and distracting controversy would be the most logical, *i.e.*, for the State to make no provision of its own for any religious instruction, but to encourage to the utmost the efforts of the great religious organisations."

FROM the distractions of the religious controversy the true friends of education will turn with relief to the very important recommendations of the Consultative Committee on Continuation Schools, presided over by the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke-Acland, which has just issued its report. They are all in the direction of raising the school age and making attendance at continuation schools compulsory. The following are among the chief recommendations. Day school attendance should be made compulsory up to the age of 13, and after a short time exemption should be forbidden up to the age of 14. Exemption from full time attendance at the day-school in the case of boys and girls under 16 should only be allowed when the parents or guardians can show that the child in question is to be suitably employed. There are also recommendations dealing with junior em

ployment registries, where skilled advice can be given to parents about suitable employments, and with the establishment of continuation schools, at which the local authority shall have the statutory right to make attendance compulsory. The whole report advocates an educational reformation, which, we believe, is conceived on sound lines, and to which, on the whole, we are prepared to give our earnest support. We welcome with special approval the attempt to deal with the problem of boy labour and loafing, which statistics prove is such a fruitful source of adult unemployment, by raising the school age and guarding against the danger of temporary and unsuitable occupations. The plan for compulsory continuation schools will, however, require very careful examination, if the dangers of overstrain are to be avoided, and we are not to drift into another form of the half-time system, which both physically and educationally is so inefficient.

* * *

THE *Entente cordiale* (we have not yet discovered a German equivalent) between England and Germany has been further promoted by the visit of a large deputation of the German Town Planning and Garden City Association. After visiting, among other places, Port Sunlight, Bourneville, and Letchworth, the members of the deputation received a very cordial welcome at the Hampstead Garden suburb on Wednesday, on the occasion of the opening of an exhibition designed to illustrate the aims of the Garden City movement, and the possibilities of town planning on more beautiful and healthy lines. Mr. George Cadbury gave admirable expression to the social ideals of its promoters in a letter explaining his absence. "Every day strengthens my conviction," he wrote, "that England can only retain her place among the nations by the self-sacrificing labours of those who see that the condition of the people, morally, physically, and spiritually, largely depends upon their housing and surroundings." We hope that the exhibition will enlist many new recruits in the crusade against squalor and dullness. The practical difficulty of the situation seems to be that it is cheaper to build long rows of small houses, depressing in their ugliness and uniformity, than to introduce even simple modifications for the sake of variety. But more power of public control and a growing sense of communal responsibility for the beauty of our surroundings may do much to cure the worst abuses.

* * *

We print to-day the first of two articles from the pen of Principal Carpenter, describing the Calvin Commemoration and the University festival at Geneva. The words of an eye-witness make it unnecessary for us to attempt any other record. We may instead offer our hearty congratulations to the University of Geneva in having inscribed the name of the Principal of Manchester College among its honorary Doctors of Theology. The Rev. C. W. Wendte was also similarly honoured, a well-earned tribute to the importance of his work in drawing the liberal religious thinkers of many lands into closer friendship and co-operation.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the religion of our time than the eagerness with which it is setting itself to the study of social problems and responding to the call for social effort. Unions for social service are springing up in all the Churches, and it is to them that we must turn if we would feel the inspiring influence of the most enthusiastic faith and the sincerest optimism of our day. The warfare of contending creeds has lost its zest, for the wider horizons of thought have weakened our confidence in the infallibility of our own opinions; many of the time-honoured methods of religious duty have ceased to attract, because they have upon them the touch of conventionality and they begin to seem exclusive and confined; but here in the massed forces of social evil there is a real enemy to fight, and in oppressed and undeveloped humanity there is a real holy land to conquer and redeem. There is in this movement some of the passion of revolt. Its prophets and leaders speak sometimes with more severity than gentleness of aspects of religious feeling and practice, which perhaps they only faintly understand. They may not be entirely free from the sin of emotional exaggeration. But at its heart there is a strong religious impulse, which we may trace back directly to the New Testament and the preaching of the Kingdom of God in the Gospels. There is something revolutionary and subversive in Christianity. It never suffers men to be at rest. They are continually re-discovering its spiritual values for human life beneath the crust of tradition and scholastic interpretation. At one time it is the sacred dignity and worth of the individual soul, which quickens the desire for liberty and the sense of our direct relationship to God. At another it is the ideal of a divine society, a vast interlacing network of human feeling and action, in which men live and move and have their being as one strange complex whole, and all men live and die, suffer and rejoice, fail and triumph, not in loneliness, but together.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon this conception as one of the master-thoughts of the New Testament. ST. PAUL's writings still pulse with his own gladness in its discovery. "Who is weak and I am not weak?" he cries in his strange yearning for a fellowship even in suffering. The Gospels are full of it, even more in what they make us feel than in what they say, in the power of CHRIST to fuse all the discordant elements of discipleship into a common purpose, in the sense of the intrinsic sacredness of human life

which still burns in his words with a quenchless flame. However much some people may recoil from speaking of the religious socialism of the New Testament, they cannot evade the spiritual forces and ideals, which the phrase is meant to convey, without ceasing to be Christians in any simple and primitive sense of the word. It is the discovery of this fact, which has entrenched the social movement in the heart of modern Christianity and given to the Church a new social conscience. Without it there would be the tragedy of hopeless discontent. With it there is discontent, and a Gospel.

When we have stated this position with emphasis, and won, as we hope, a cordial assent to it, we are brought up sharp by the suggestion of a difficulty. Men are eager for advance, they want to work for practical measures, and to see the fruit of their labours in the removal of definite forms of social misery and economic oppression. In other words, they want a programme, and some of them go so far as to demand that religion shall prove its sincerity by condensing its social creed into a schedule and nailing it in defiance to the church door. But a programme is just what Christianity refuses to provide. In these matters it is concerned not with the partial forms but with the eternal essence of life. It quickens the intellect, but it imposes no finished creed. It stirs the conscience, but it draws no map of duties. It captivates the imagination, but there is no plan, laid up in its archives, of the perfect city of God. Is this a confession of failure in face of the fierce conflicts and the urgent practical needs of the world? Looked at aright, it is the surest evidence that Christianity is always young at heart, and ready for the spiritual enterprise of the new time. Now, as always, men need to be convinced that the society which they wish to reform is a spiritual creation, that the evils which they wish to cure are the fruit of disordered human wills, and that all noble forms of social life must rest on foundations of love and sacrifice. The amount of unused social knowledge in the world is amazing; it is waiting till men have enough unselfishness to turn it to practical account. The amount of misery in the world caused by good people is tragic; it is waiting till there is a strong quickening of the social conscience. And of how many of the wrecked schemes, which strew the path of reform, it may be said that failure was due to party spirit, to unholy rivalries between man and man, or the impatience which would not wait for the solutions of God. Here, then, is the obvious duty and opportunity of the Church, to arouse and train the social conscience, to teach men to open every department of life to the judgment of the Christian spirit, and to fill them with vital energy for good ends. Spiritual work of this kind can

never take the place of careful study and the promotion of definite acts and measures, and it is not meant to do so; but without it most of our knowledge is vain, because we do not know how to use it, and men are left to grope their way dimly towards the promised land, amid the confusions of a class war and aims which, at bottom, are still selfish and material.

One other word seems necessary. If the Church is to enter upon this work of quickening the social conscience, it must first of all cleanse its own heart of selfishness and party spirit. A great deal of modern church life is the creation of the competitive system, and denominational loyalty has become in many cases more a matter of name and party than of fundamental religious differences. There are welcome signs that the social consciousness is beginning to make men aware of these things, and not a little uncomfortable about their sectional and subversive character in face of the new passion for brotherhood. "A deeper knowledge of the origin and development of the Christian religion," Mr. GEORGE TYRRELL wrote in the *Nation* last week, "combined with a philosophy based on a comparative study of religion in general, has made it difficult to rest contentedly in any sort of exclusive sectarianism or in anything short of a religion that is one and catholic, just because truth is one and catholic, and not the monopoly of an elect few." In giving our hearty endorsement to these words we should like to add to the healing and uniting forces mentioned by Mr. TYRRELL, the growing influence of the social conscience in religion. Possibly it is destined to give us the basis of union which good men have long desired, and which they must find, not in a minimum of agreement, religion reduced to its lowest terms, but in the exhilarating gladness of a common faith and a common service, because Truth and Love are one and catholic.

THE CLOSING OF LITTLE PORTLAND STREET CHAPEL.

It is announced that the last religious services in Little Portland-street Chapel will be held to-morrow. After that the building will either be pulled down or surrendered to secular uses. It is an event rendered necessary by the changing conditions of city life, but it will not be accepted without genuine regret, for it marks the disappearance of another of the landmarks in the religious life of London, and henceforward many sacred memories will have no local habitation. The London of a generation which has almost passed away was rich in centres of distinctive spiritual influence, to which men and women of open mind and cultivated intelligence were attracted by the fascination of a great teacher, who spoke with a

note of personal authority and original insight which they could not find elsewhere. There was little that was popular or exciting about them, and the congregations that assembled on Sunday were held together, not by local sentiment or denominational loyalty, but by the experience of stimulus and refreshment, of a nobler truth and a wider vision, which no other church could supply in a way that was at once so satisfying and so complete. Their influence went to the enriching, not of an ecclesiastical movement, but of the deeper currents of the world's life. When silence fell upon the lips of the preacher, the spell was often broken and the congregation scattered, but the teaching lived on in heightened ideals of public duty, in larger conceptions of divine truth, and in a steady adherence to the breadth and tolerance of spiritual Christianity in important sections of the community. Such were Lincoln's Inn Chapel and St. Peter's, Vere-street, under the ministry of FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, and Bedford Chapel under Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE; and Little Portland-street Chapel belongs to the same fellowship.

From 1859 to 1872 it was the scene of the ministry of Dr. MARTINEAU. There he gathered a remarkable group of men and women, through whom, in ever widening circles, his genius illuminated the religious perplexities of his day. It was a critical period in the religious life of England. Agnosticism had a growing intellectual prestige, and scientific Materialism was lifting its head defiantly. No voice pleaded with such convincing power, as that from the pulpit of Little Portland-street Chapel, for a Theism grounded in reason and conscience and the Christian sanctities of faith and prayer. The memory of it, the noble face of the preacher, the rich cadences of his voice, the glow of his spiritual conviction, have given the undistinguished building a splendour and sacredness of its own. We cannot see it pass into the hand of the destroyer without a feeling of regret, a momentary wish that it could be otherwise; but the preacher himself needs no longer a temple made with hands. He lives as an indestructible influence, still working for breadth and charity, and the open way between the soul and God, in the liberal Christianity of our time.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

CALVIN AND THE GENEVA COMMEMORATION.

BY PRINCIPAL CARPENTER, D.D.

I.—THE INTERNATIONAL MONUMENT OF THE REFORMATION.

THE recent commemoration of Calvin at Geneva, in connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, on July 10, 1509, fell into three parts. The

first days were allotted to the meetings and religious services of the representatives of the various Protestant churches. Next followed the ceremonies connected with the great international monument of the Reformation. Last came the seventh jubilee of the University, which concluded on the 10th with a great historic pageant of city and university together. As the invited guest of the Monument Committee, I reached Geneva on Monday the 5th, in time to attend a delightful evening reunion at the house of the Professor of French Literature, M. Bernard Bouvier. The proceedings connected with the monument began at 9 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday.

Many circumstances in the recent history of Geneva combined to give this commemoration unusual significance. By the charm of its situation, the hospitality of its citizens, and the strength of its liberalism, Geneva has become the scene of innumerable congresses and a centre of all kinds of international activities. It is enough to recall the Red Cross conventions and the name of one of the chambers in the Hotel de Ville, "Salle de l'Alabama." Moreover, during the last century a great change passed over its theology. The counterpart of political freedom in the church was freedom of thought, and the old confessional limitations disappeared. At one time the majority of pastors were orthodox, at another rationalist; but the orthodox and the rationalist understood and respected each other's positions. Four years ago when the International Council held its third meeting in Geneva, the orthodox majority in the consistory sanctioned the use of the Cathedral for its services as a matter of course. Since then, in 1907, the connection of Church and State has been severed. The movement was promoted by many devout supporters as well as by opponents. But it was a necessity to be regretted. On the night when the issue of the voting was declared, a representative of one of the oldest families of Geneva, who had laboured hard for this end as a convinced believer, went out to learn the result. The street was deserted and silent, but underneath a lamp-post he heard an old man weeping. "They have destroyed the Church," said he, convulsed with sobs. "And I, too," said my friend, "even in the moment of victory, felt a deep pang of grief."

Another important factor in the present situation is the continual influx of Catholics from the adjacent districts of France and the ancient Duchy of Savoy. They come partly to escape the conscription, partly also, it may be, in hope of capturing the State. The Catholic inhabitants of the Canton are already more numerous than the Protestant. If they should acquire the citizenship so as to exceed the native Swiss population, the consequences might be very dangerous to Geneva's liberty. The process is slow, and applications, after being examined and sanctioned by the appointed authorities, have still to be confirmed by the Conseil Général. "But," said a very distinguished citizen of "The Right" to me, "if I were a member of the Council, and there came before me the application of a man who was a good workman, and likely to prove a respectable citizen, I

should find it very hard to refuse it because he was a Catholic." Such, in the briefest terms, are some of the undercurrents of thought and feeling which have led the churches of Geneva to seek the moral support of their Protestant brethren throughout the world at this juncture in their history. The erection of the monument of the Reformation is, in reality, an appeal on behalf of "Civil and Religious Liberty," to which the descendants of the English Presbyterians will not, I trust, turn deaf ears. This was, in fact, the note of the whole proceedings connected with both Monument and University. The guests of the Committee of the Monument assembled at 9 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 6th, in the most venerable of the Genevan churches, the Temple of St. Jervais, on the right bank of the Rhone. Prominent among them were members of the two Councils, of the City and the Canton, attended by four stalwart beards in vast cloaks of the State colours, red and yellow, who stood immovable through the whole proceedings. A long series of speakers were called successively to the Tribune by the admirable President of the Committee, Professor Lucien Gautier, who dwelt in his opening address on the international character of the Reformation movement in the sixteenth century and on the value to the men of the twentieth of a renewal of such solidarity; so understood, the monument would be not only a memorial and a witness to the past, but a promise and a pledge for the future. From Germany came a telegram from the Kaiser, expressing his warm interest and active sympathy; and Dr. Dryander, the Court-preacher at Berlin (who entertained the friendliest recollections of the English visit three weeks before) expressed in glowing terms the effect of Calvin's work in producing great men, quoting Carlyle on Cromwell. Lord Reay, recalling the asylum offered by Geneva to so many English exiles during the Marian persecutions, courageously expressed the goodwill of the Anglican church, and Lord Kinnaird, on behalf of Scotland, appropriately recalled the memory of Knox. France, Holland, Hungary, and Bohemia had each its eloquent representative. They dwelt, again and again, on the Christian unity that underlay all differences, and the principle of Protestant liberty was throughout treated, not as a separatist or disintegrating force, but as a common bond gathering all differences into one harmony. Very notable was the absence of any reference to the harsher features of the Calvinistic theology; the differences between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries were explained by that blessed word, "development"; the permanent significance of Calvinism was assumed to lie not in a body of doctrine, but in a principle of intellectual, moral and political life. This idea was prominent, especially in the speech of an American Congregationalist, Professor Walker, of Yale University, author of one of the most esteemed biographies of Calvin, who emphasised the profound effect of the great doctrine of the sovereignty of God in creating moral and political freedom; when God "spoke, all other voices must be silent. Professor Fédéricq, of Ghent, urged the same thought with great boldness; in that high conception all human considerations disappeared

There was the foundation of inward liberty; Luther had thrown himself into the arms of the Princes; Calvin had appealed to the people; through Scotland, Holland, and above all England, the freedom generated at Geneva had influenced the world; Rousseau and the French Revolution, the United States, all showed its night; and amid some smiles, the orator added that it would win even Russia and Turkey.

The approach of noon cut short the rest of the speeches, and the whole company marched in procession over one of the bridges, through streets gaily decorated with standards and flags, to the site selected for the monument. Many were the difficulties which had beset the Committee. The strong Socialist vote in the Council, fearing Catholic antagonism, had more than once been hostile to its plans, and one proposal after another was perforce withdrawn. But at length all obstacles were overcome. In front of the old city wall, behind which rise the heights occupied by the Cathedral, and the cluster of narrow streets in which so much of the ancient public life of Geneva was concentrated, lies a little park with the adjoining gardens of the University. Here the great monument will be erected. It takes a unique form—a long granite wall, adorned with groups of the Reformers—Calvin, Farel, Beza and Knox in the centre—while Coligny, William the Silent, Oliver Cromwell, Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and Frederick William, the great Elector of Brandenburg, represent the moral, political, and social influence of Calvinism. A great assembly had gathered round the spot. On Professor Lucien Gautier devolved the duty of offering the future monument, on behalf of the Committee, to the authorities of the City. In an address of great dignity he disclaimed all wish to promote any coalition of interests or political demonstration. The Committee sought only to emphasize the intimate and fertile principle which lies at the base of all useful individual existence and effective social grouping, on the field of truth, liberty, justice, and fraternity. The reply of the President of the Municipal Council, himself allied with the Labour Party, did not conceal the fact that the project had not at one time met with unanimous approval; but the speaker, whose words were well-chosen and weighty, added that the events of the preceding days had convinced everyone of the greatness of the event which they were celebrating, and of the moral value of the monument.* The simple ceremony ended with the singing of Luther's hymn.

Abundant hospitalities followed, but the chronicler must be silent about the lunch at the Palais Eynard, the afternoon lecture of M. Weiss, on "The Reformation and Modern Thought," at the University, and the evening dinner at which Mme. de Saussure entertained an immense party of the invited guests in her stately old mansion above the city wall. Rain prevented the original intention of an open-air fete on the terrace outside; but the tables were arranged in the salon and the

* A few protestors had chalked up "Calvin the liar" the night before; and a band of "Free-Thinkers," wearing the red cap of liberty, had laid a wreath on the monument to Servetus.

adjoining rooms, and precious opportunities were thus afforded for the personal intercourse which is one of the most valuable features of these international occasions. In spite of cold and wet, next morning a very large company started, still under the genial guidance of MM. Lucien Gautier and Bouvier, for a steamer excursion along the lake. After lunch at Villeneuve, the Castle of Chillon was thrown open to the guests. In the Hall of the Knights, a simple platform had been erected, and students from the University of Lausanne performed a tragedy, written by Beza in 1550, *Abraham Sacrifiant*. Abraham, Sarah, and Isaac, a troop of shepherds as chorus, and the Angel and Satan formed the company, the Angel being invisible, while Satan was habited as a monk. The quaint old French was full of pathos, and the final scene—in which Isaac's voluntary surrender put Satan to flight—was deeply moving. The actors entered fully into the spirit of the play—the dignity of Abraham, and his terrible inward struggles, the motherly joy and lowly piety of Sarah, the wiles of Satan (played with great ability, though a little too much like a modern Mephistopheles), and the simplicity of Isaac, his first impassioned plea for life, and then his devout submission, were admirably rendered. The play sprang from the heart of a man who had seen what he portrayed. In that stern age, under the supreme demands of faith in God, parents had given up their children to death, and children their parents. The sovereignty of the divine will sustained men in the hour of utmost sacrifice. As we came down into the courtyard of the castle, the rain had ceased; a burst of light streamed through the clouds; the snowy tops of the Dent du Midi revealed themselves over flying mists; and a large group of singers raised the *Cantique Suisse*. It was a moving moment. Behind us, the towers and dungeons of mediæval oppression; in front, the mountains and the lake, and the eternal song of liberty.

A MODERN PROPHET.

THERE is a noble challenge in the "call to arms" ringing through the life-message of the late George Meredith, which should appeal with special force to those who are doing pioneer-work for the cause of humanity. It is a challenge to which in some moods, doubtless, we would gladly turn a deaf ear, especially when the hand is nerveless and the brain weary, for this prophet has no comfortable words for those who shirk their high calling when it involves pain and sacrifice.

Much has been written of late about "the last of the Victorians," and no doubt the name of Meredith has become familiar in consequence to many who had previously scarcely even heard of the creator of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and Diana of the Crossways. His labours were never rewarded by the uncertain favours which the public bestows, for a time, upon "popular" authors, and he did not desire them; but it must be admitted that his peculiarly involved method of expression had a great deal to do with this, and that it is a trial still to

many of his most enthusiastic admirers. Like Browning and Carlyle, he seemed wilfully bent on thwarting the understanding of those who, dazzled with "excess of light," attempted to make their way through the intricate mazes of thought amid which he hid his golden truths. But such a wayward and coruscating style could not have been arrived at merely by taking pains to bewilder his readers, any more than Whistler's *Nocturnes* could have been evolved from that painter's inner consciousness, to spite the Philistine, if he had been gifted in no higher degree than the average landscapist of his day. Many critics, discussing this matter gravely, have come to the conclusion that he did, in very truth, like the great artist who was so much abused, wrap himself "for protection," in a "species of misunderstanding"; but apart from the fact that Meredith, though underrated, was incapable of cherishing such bitter resentment towards his detractors, as that which tore the heart of Whistler, people who explain the eccentricities of great men in such fanciful ways are only revealing half the truth. And the rest is, indeed, silence, for those of us who are unvisited by the radiant spirits that wait upon the children of light, Meredith must, however, have smiled sometimes when the charge of obscurity was brought against him, for he knew well how ready people are to excuse their mental indolence, and he was certainly the last person in the world to make things easy for lazy thinkers. Life, as he never wearied of telling us, only gives up her secrets to those who wrestle with her without craving quarter, and he scorns, in his fine, indomitable way, those who demand the "ventral dream of peace unknown in nature." He is always urging to the battle-field of the intellect his "warriors of the sighting brain." Love, he says, is born of knowledge, and, vitally strengthened "as earth it mates," can give us the clue to pleasure, pain, life and death, so that we may understand the mystic truths which reward the initiated for sorrow and disappointment. That the great goddess he worships is one whom "no cry can melt" he never pretends to deny, but he proclaims her, also, a beneficent power, a mother, stern if you will, who prompts to sacrifice the best among her children "to speed the race" on its pathway to high development.

In almost all his poems (and it is only of these, in relation to his philosophy of life, that there is space to speak now), we feel the stress of an unending conflict between the brutish and the spiritual in man. His gospel is one of strife and endurance, albeit, he frequently sounds a lyrical note of exquisite tenderness; and to the baffled seekers after happiness, cruelly disheartened by the hourly trials that clip the wings of faith, he talks of the wind fiercely winnowing the leafless woodlands:—

"Where life is at her grindstone set,
That she may give us edging keen,
String us for battle, till as play
The common strokes of fortune shower."

Does the sufferer cry out and plead for

some mitigation of the raw airs of adversity? He rebukes the "craven nerve," and urges the wearied soul to serve more devoutly the great mother who thus tests its fortitude, "bent on life to come." This may seem hard teaching, but a superb optimism illumines it, and as we follow this modern prophet's thought through the series of poems entitled "A Reading of Earth," hope is divinely born again in the desponding heart at the sight of that "pure wild-cherry in bloom," which symbolised, for him, the dream "of good illimitable to come." Thereafter he leads us under the stars, still drawing the imagination along the upward road to the infinite until we can say of those shining orbs, no longer "distant aliens" or "senseless powers," that

"The fire is in them whereof we are born,
The music of their motion may be ours."

The great secret of Meredith's power is to be found in his close association with Nature—an association so intimate that he seems, at times, to belong to her more completely than did Wordsworth, Shelley, or Keats. The visible loveliness of the earth, clothed in that pure flame of colour which "brings heaven to the flower," he does not merely inspect with appreciative eyes; his very being is, in fact, bound up with it, and every ideal which he strove to express is deep-rooted in the good brown soil which nurtures the unborn spring. His passion for brooks and trees and leaves "lucid as dew" would be frankly pagan but for the intuition which reveals to him, beneath the veil of beauty so bewildering to our senses, the "spirit served by her . . . through law," which man has dimly divined from the beginning of time. The idea of a "great Over-Reason we name Beneficence, mind seeking mind" (Matthew Arnold's "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"), is to him the supreme reality, and with such a faith well might he view undismayed the levelling of those ancient battlements of dogma behind which the slaves of obsolete creeds had entrenched themselves for so many generations. Truth must ultimately burst the vessels in which we endeavour to confine it, as he well knew, and to him, realising as he did the processes by which "flesh unto spirit must grow," there was nothing strange or alarming in the revolutionary tendencies of thought which menace the peace of mind of timid men.

In that wonderful "Hymn to Colour," which it always seems impossible to read without a feeling of exaltation, he shows us the way by which

"Men have come out of brutishness
To spell the letters of the sky, and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless."

Indeed, he can never get the thought of human development out of his mind, and he is continually tracing the growth of soul from its lowly origins to those heights where we may all hope to see one day the deeper vision vouchsafed to those who have suffered and endured. His faith in the ultimate triumph of good is unassailable, and to those who sceptically question his authority for it, he gravely replies:—

"Love took my hand when hidden stood
the sun,
To fling his robe on shoulder-heights of
snow.
Then said, there lie they, Life and
Death in one.
Whichever is the other is: but know,
It is thy craving self that thou dost see
Not in them seeing me."

We have compared Meredith's message to a battle-cry, and so it must be to all men and women, permeated with his spirit, who are fighting against ignorance and injustice in any form. Like his February thrush, he sings "out of winter's throat," of "the young time with the life ahead," and he preached, if ever man did, the gospel of toil and sacrifice, not joylessly borne, for worthy ends. He himself was a lifelong worker, and when at last he was forced to rest from his labours, he did so with pathetic reluctance. Writing in 1908 to Mr. Hyndman he said: "And now you are among the foremost in the fray, while I do but sit and look on. . . . Cheerfulness has not forsaken me, but Nature has cast me aside, and I do not like this mere drawing of breath without payment for it." These were noble words surely to be uttered by a veteran in his eighty-first year! But such men as Meredith never really grow old, even when their physical powers are attacked. The clear brain is unclouded to the last, although the body's strength has diminished; and when "the end comes," as we say, it only seems as if, to use Tolstoy's fine image, the scaffolding of the material life has fallen away from a spirit which must be deathless.

A CURIOUS OCCUPATION.

THE spring seemed unusually late in coming. How we yearned for a little really sunny weather. True, the birds were singing; but then they could not help it. Instinct in them was too powerful to be subdued. They do not mope, because they do not reason. We poor mortals mope the more we reason. At last we had a fine morning. There was a good bit of real rich blue in the sky. It stirred the vagrant blood in my veins. I suppose we all have it, for our ancestry is much the same if we trace it back far enough. At any rate, I personally responded to the coy beckonings of Nature, and mounted my bicycle for a spin along the country roads. The landscape was wreathed with smiles. Nature's green liveries were spick and span; they could not have looked better. No scorching heat had yet come to mar their freshness. The hedgerows were decorated with sweetly-smelling may-blossom; while here and there the bright-eyed speedwell bloomed where the banks were damp. The members of Nature's orchestra all seemed to be singing at once, with the conductor absent. They were all singing different tunes, though strange to say they nevertheless produced no discord. The cows were quietly grazing in the meadows, unmolested as yet by the usual plague of summer flies. There was none of that drowsy hum which the brightness seemed to warrant. The fact is that it was an experiment, a sort of premature rehearsal;

Nature wasn't really equal yet to keeping it up. Still, we were thankful for the prophecy; and we dreamed of the holidays which are yet to come.

I wonder whether "dumb driven cattle" have any language with which they can hold conversation. I don't mean mere signs of fear or joy; but something which can convey connected thought. The reason I mention the matter is that I stood for some time and watched a herd of young cattle standing in the sunshine, looking most intently at each other, and occasionally twitching an ear or swinging a tail; and yet there were no flies about. Anyhow, they looked tremendously intelligent. One has at times the same impression with regard to men. While they remain silent and look meditative, we think them prodigiously wise; but as soon as they begin to bellow we realise that they are, after all, no more than ordinary specimens of their kind.

Another stop I had on the road. Something small and dark was waddling along apparently aimlessly. I dismounted, and found that it was a mole. It was a most unusual thing to find such a creature on the flinty roadway, in a blazing noonday sun. I closely examined it, and marvelled how wonderfully Nature had physically adapted it for its particular mode of life. Its snout and paws were so admirably fashioned for burrowing underground; and because in the subterranean darkness eyes are of no service, generations of disuse have blinded its vision, and an instinct has become developed instead. I placed the poor beastie amongst the grass of the adjacent meadow, and pursued my way.

At last I came to a sheet of water, round the edge of which were a number of big stones, to be hidden a few weeks later by the luxuriant growth of grass. An old man was turning these stones over, and occasionally picking up something from beneath. I assumed that he was a naturalist, and that he was finding beetles and pupæ of one sort or another. On his back, suspended by a strap, was a bag from which he took his boxes. When the old man raised himself erect in order to straighten his back a bit, I saw that he had a genial and somewhat aristocratic face. One felt instinctively that there was a pathetic history behind. His apparel was shabby-genteel. A fashionable tailor had made his clothes, though somebody else had worn them before they became his. Had he been a lord, and dressed in new clothes instead of second-hand, one might have remarked of him, "What a benevolent, kind-looking old gentleman is he."

As I think I know the difference between butterflies and moths, and wasps, and beetles, I thought I might venture to introduce a conversation. So I dismounted, and leaned on the rails.

"I expect you are a naturalist?" said I.

"Well, yes, I once thought myself an authority on a section of entomology," he replied.

"Moths?" I queried.

"No; beetles," said he. "I still have a good collection at home of most of the British species."

"Are you hunting for pupæ or beetles now?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I don't suppose you could guess. I'm looking for slugs."

"Slugs!" thought I. I have heard of people eating snails for purposes of health. They are said to be excellent for the treatment of consumption, though whether or not they have any efficacy I cannot tell. Before I could put a leading question, the old man continued—

"Did you ever see a slow-worm?"

"Yes," I answered; "many a one."

"Well," said he, "I have three of them at home; and now that the warm days have come they are getting hungry; so I come out hunting slugs for them. I have had one of my snakes five years, and he is quite intelligent."

"Have you ever kept a grass snake?" I asked; referring to a species which sometimes grows to a considerable size.

"I never did," said he; "but my mother once had one, of which she was very fond. One day, however, some one brought it a live frog, and my mother saw the snake swallow it, and its voracity so alarmed her that she would keep it no longer. She said that for some while afterwards she used to dream of seeing that swallowing process repeated."

I thought we had got sufficiently familiar for me to put a judicious question which might lead my acquaintance to open up a chapter of his past life. I made the venture, and was successful. He had, indeed, seen much better days. Years ago he was a man well-known in city business circles. When in the prime of life, he was prevailed upon to change his occupation, and undertake the responsibility of a business of which he knew little. He overtaxed his strength, and broke down in health. As the years rolled by his friends passed away, until at last he was left almost alone in the world, he and his wife, two grey-haired old cronies with so small an income saved from the wreck of their fortune that they were able to claim the Old Age Pension which a generous Government has granted to its worn-out workers.

"You can't guess what relief that Pension brought to us. It is painful to us to think of the penurious times we've had; and how in the world we survived the yearly winter period of bare cupboard and empty grate, is more than I can tell. I suppose we could have got charity as some other people do; but we couldn't bring ourselves to ask for it. Perhaps you would call it pride. Perhaps it was. Those who would blame us don't know what it is to have to ask for bread when, through no fault of their own, they have in their old age been brought down from a position of affluence to a condition of poverty. It is surprising to us how few our wants are. We live the simple life most strictly, as you may imagine; but we have our liberty, and that's a very blessed thing. We both find the winter so trying, that we almost hibernate like my snakes; and I've only just commenced to creep out into the sunshine again. Yes, we enjoy the summer; but these old legs of ours are getting very creaky, and so we can only crawl about short distances. Don't think I'm complaining. What can a man expect who's nearly eighty? Yes,

the sunshine seems to patch up our bellows, and enables us to breathe more freely. Thank God; it is a beautiful world, and we don't want to leave it. Still we are quite ready to go when His summons comes; and we hope that when God takes one of us He won't wait long before he takes the other. When you hear people talking lightly of these old age pensions, and begrudging the cost of them, just tell them of my particular case—and there are thousands more like it—and ask them whether they wouldn't go down on their knees and thank God, if they had suffered misfortune as we have done, and that five shillings a week was keeping them out of the workhouse."

The old gentleman began once more to turn over the stones in his search for slugs; and I steered my cycle homewards, ruminating all the way on the uncertainties, the comedies and tragedies of the common life, and the brave, hopeful manner in which so many of our brothers and sisters journey down the hill towards that bourne

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME and a private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

PROPHETS IN THE PULPIT.

SIR,—With your permission I should like to say a few words from the layman's point of view on the interesting sermon by Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, "The Independence of a Free Ministry," reported in your last issue.

The sermon, addressed primarily to young men entering the ministry, is a call to them to speak boldly as prophets. Much complaint is made of lay impatience—even tyranny. The prophet is told to enter the churches organised as they are so largely at the present day on a money basis of payment for particular services required, and accept the payment while claiming the right to give something quite different. In the market place we laymen should say this was not quite straight.

But is there any reason for expecting a prophet in the pulpit? I believe the exact opposite, and that the trained minister is the least likely person to be chosen as the urgent mouthpiece of the Lord. He has been too busy studying religion at second-hand. Men may, by training, become good ministers, but prophets cannot be so cultivated. They are by nature volcanic—the word of the Lord within them must burst forth like lava and deal more or less destruction around. Now churches are not built to withstand shakings and violence of this elemental sort. The true prophet has always been a disturber and causer of fierce unrest. Progress has always come through him, after him, but not with him. Priests and prophets have always been in conflict, the one the administrator of the established institution, the other the underminer of it

by the dynamite of new thought. The stipend of the one is love and respect from those he leads; that of the other, stones hurled at him in the present, and a monument or canonisation long after, when the world has at last advanced to where he then stood.

The minister has to lead and guide an established institution, not to smash it up. As long as men want to be shepherded and led in their spiritual life and in their thinking there is room for such pastors and teachers, and they must be trained. The priest or minister interprets divine wisdom as well as he can by quiet thinking and seeking, and gives it out again. This may conveniently be arranged for 11 and 6.30 every seventh day. The prophet cannot live in such an atmosphere of expectant routine.

I think, with all deference, that Mr. Thomas mixes up the two functions of the preacher which are rarely found in the same man. One needs a pulpit, the other walks by the lakeside or on a mountain—on the village green or street corner, wherever he finds listeners or readers.

It is quite futile to blame churches for their limitations so long as they do not profess to be more. At their best they have a real value as spiritual restaurants to which men may go for refreshment, but the very condition of their continuance is an orderly and quiet seeking after higher things.

The prophet cares and can care nothing for this peaceful order, but has to fling it all aside as unimportant, and deliver himself of the burden that is on him. Hence trouble and misunderstanding.

With a fine "Thomas à Becket" ring, Mr. Thomas says laymen may pay the piper but "so help us God" they shall not call the tune. This is very noble, and must have called up in those young bosoms a responsive thrill of joyous conflict, ecclesiastic against layman, but I do not think it is very useful. Better have frankly put the facts before them and told them. "Some of you will, I hope, helped by the training you have now had, make real good ministers, helpers and leaders of your fellows, and be loved by them. Go on, it is a high calling; Others of you may, in spite of your training, yet preserve within you the voice of the Lord commanding you to speak out fearlessly in his name. Go you on too, but by the teaching of all history I can only foretell for you sorrow and rejection, anger and misunderstanding in proportion to your faithfulness to your message, for the word of the Lord is too big to be comprehended at once by men, and they will turn on the messenger." The best of churches will be wrecked by the true prophet without blame to either. Churches are good, Prophets are better, but they will not be found together. HUGH V. HERFORD.

Manchester, July 13, 1909.

CALVIN AND THE CREEDS.

SIR,—There are many people who would regard reference to John Calvin in the interest of religious Liberty as somewhat analogous to, and equally hopeless with, the pressure of a devil into the service of the Deity, and many others who would liken it rather to the pressure of a divinity into the service of the devil.

Nevertheless, however contrary to *a priori* ideas of John Calvin on either side, facts remain to show that he stood up for the liberty of the Christian man as against his entanglement in the yoke of the minutiae of Church Creeds.

Caroli, a Romanist of the Sorbonne, had accused Calvin and the Genevan pastors of Arianism, and in the course of a dispute which took place between them, called upon Calvin to sign the Athanasian Creed. He refused, saying: "I have told you that it was not my habit to approve of anything as the Word of God before having given mature reflection to it."

This reply strikes one as merely an excuse and evasion, for it would be strange indeed if Calvin had never given much reflection to that standard of the Church. Caroli persisted in his demand for the signature, and Calvin, rather irritated, of course, rejoined in a sentence which, as his French biographer, Doumergue, remarks, is worthy to be remembered: "We have sworn our faith in one God, and not in Athanasius, whose creed has not been approved by any recognised Church."

At a second colloquy, in reference to the same matter, Calvin protests in his defence that no one asserts more distinctly than he the divinity of Christ; but such are the liabilities to error in human beings, such their blindness, that he feels security only in the Word of God, and in thinking of God only according to His Word. We must adhere religiously to Scriptural language (Doumergue II., p. 259).

Not that he would only accept a confession composed with "superstitious adherence" to Biblical terms, for behind the terms, he says, is the spirit or sense, which is the important thing, and at the back of that as the basis for the interpretation and understanding of it, is the heart and its experience.

So it becomes a question of the right of the individual, and a protest against any authority tyrannising over freedom of interpretation of the Scripture according to one's inner experience. As he puts it in a letter addressed from the pastors of Geneva to those of Zurich (August 30, 1537): "We have always wished to establish the habit of freedom in the Church; what they are against is the approval of the tyranny that where the thing is clearly enough recognised, their faith should be held down to words and syllables" (Defensio, p. 318).

Again: "If one, from any scruple, refuses to use the words of the Confession though agreeing to it, that does not appear to us sufficiently strong cause why an otherwise devout man, who is in sympathy with the same religion as ourselves, should be repudiated" (Defensio, p. 319).

Here, then, we have Calvin's protest against making the signing of any confession a condition of entrance to Church fellowship.

Doumergue's comment is: "Voilà une tolérance, une liberté spirituelle, que tout le monde n'attend pas de Calvin." Not only does he attack the authority of the Athanasian Creed, but he casts doubt upon the genuineness of that of Nicæa (Defensio, pp. 315, 316), and all in the defence of liberty.

"They (the German pastors for whom he spoke) were averse to having introduced into the Church such tyrannical precedent as would make a heretic of anyone who did not confess as another prescribed" (Defensio, p. 315).

Truly, indeed, the world can hardly credit John Calvin with such sentiments, and I call attention to them because I find that they have received such scant notice, if any, in English treatments of the life of Calvin, that even educated people hear of them with surprise. It will give some of us adherents to liberty and tolerance a kind of holy joy to speak with the tongue of John Calvin and the Genevan pastors against the sentiment and practice of those who, in general, claim to carry on their tradition

R. NICOL CROSS.

Manchester, July 12.

CHARACTER AND PREACHING.

SIR,—May I point out that the man and his message are inseparable, in a way other than that mentioned by last week's contributor in the admirable reference to Charles Darwin.

Each one's gospel must needs be the fruit of his personal experience, character, and convictions. "Prayer is the world-plant's blossom"; and the sermon is, or should be, the soul's prayer for all listening, an earnest effort to uplift, strengthen, and unite them. Some of us have heard sermons that were very far from this; perhaps showing familiarity with Biblical phrases and personages, almost entirely apart from questions of moral and spiritual growth, or merely intellectual essays, which again included little that would deepen principle or foster cheerful hope and faith. Still the real sermon, the preacher at his best, is the real man, and it is the outcome of actual life.

Poets are said to have "learnt in suffering what they teach in song"; and assuredly an utterance to be of worth must have a background of noble endeavour—perhaps of agony—and it is this, transmuted into thought, that can stir heart and soul. In the confessional of the writing, one is, or ought to be, open unto God, and apart from all earthly embarrassments; there is the opportunity, it may be the one opportunity, for the true self; and unless it rise thus and exert itself for others, there is no message. That can but be the character, passed through the fire of life, and crystallised into expression. It is the divine voice, thus speaking through the human, that can alone be effectual for good.

S. B. REED.

Letchworth, July 6.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

ADAM RUSHTON'S STORY.*

A good and venerable face, with curling white hair and beard, looks at us (or rather away from us) on the frontispiece of this

* My Life: as Farmer's Boy, Factory Lad, Teacher, and Preacher. By Adam Rushton. Manchester: S. Clarke, 14, Granby-row, 3s. 9d. net.

volume. And there is a great deal that is interesting and suggestive in its 350 closely-printed pages. All Mr. Rushton's friends will rejoice that, in spite of the hard and over-burdened life which he lived from his childhood upward for many years, he survived the stress of early poverty, and long-continued over-exertion, with their train of physical ills, and is still with us in his eighty-ninth year, to publish his memoirs.

"Under memory's vivid light," he writes, "my life course spreads out before me like a map, with numerous pathways displayed, along which innumerable beings come and go. There, clearly marked, is the road I trod in childhood's days, leading to lonely woodlands where birds built their nests and sang their songs, and where rabbits fed and ran; and to farm fields where ploughing, sowing and reaping went on regularly as the seasons came and went. There it was I passionately desired to live, and learn, and labour all my days. But from that happy pathway I was rudely torn and thrust on to a rough and dismal road, which broke my health and broke my heart. Along that rugged road, leading to a factory dungeon and to warehouse slavery, I tramped regularly from day to day during twenty years of my life. Sometimes I did, indeed, in almost delirious joy, rush away to other pathways leading to Sunday school, night school, lecture hall, and chapel. There it was I eagerly gained knowledge and love, and a clear sense of duty, to guide me in the life that now is, and to aid me in securing a heavenly and immortal life beyond the grave."

Religious influences were poured upon him from the full-flavoured Methodism of those days. But the orthodoxy had its simple spiritual side. There is a graphic account of the village shopkeeper, quick of temper, but an upright tradesman, and a good Methodist, who would slip away into a dell beyond the rising fields, and there on his knees and with uplifted hands find refuge in prayer. The boy followed him once, and saw it, and turned quickly away; but the good man followed him and said, "Thou wilt not understand this just yet, but some day I hope thou wilt. I bring my cares and sorrows up here and leave them behind me, thank God." And so it proved to be.

Work began early in the lad's life. At five years old, while father and mother were hard at work elsewhere, he was busy digging and weeding a neglected garden, which rewarded his efforts in due time. When he was eight, he was sent to a silk-mill in the town (Macclesfield), and the hours were at first from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., with intervals of 1 hour and 40 minutes for meals. This (as Mr. Rushton says) "was a murderous length of time for children to work." No wonder that many died under the strain. The pay was 6d. a week the first month, 1s. a week for the next two months, and then 1s. 6d.

Time went by, and the love of reading, learned in the Sunday school, had become a passion in the boy's life. Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" was purchased at a bookstall for 10d., the money being laboriously saved. "The Imitation of Christ" was given him as a school prize, when he was barely eleven. It was a

strange selection and for a time he could make little of it; but it started him eventually on a course of reading in the mystics which he found of abiding interest and value. The third chapter records a really amazing amount of study on mystical lines. As more time went by he found the library of the Useful Knowledge Society exceedingly helpful, and while still young he became teacher of night classes. Religious connections were also maintained. He read books on conversion; but, though many months passed, could not get converted and was very miserable. At last, however, the crisis came, and he felt that a new and diviner life had begun. Sunday was now crowded with religious occupations.

These then were some of the early experiences of a man keen for self-improvement, always learning and always anxious to help others, who, after various mental and spiritual struggles, passed from Methodism to Unitarianism. In 1856, being then 35, Mr. Rushton became a student of the Unitarian Home Missionary Board, and went through the three years' course. His account of his student days is enlivened by reminiscences of his fellow-students, of his tutors, Dr. Beard and Mr. Gaskell, and of some well-known laymen. Mr. Rushton seems to have been impressed as a preaching student by the undemonstrativeness of many Unitarian congregations, and felt that such a mixture of rationalism and emotionalism as was to be found in Joseph Barker was what was needed. His own work for the faith he had espoused was certainly strenuous. Ministering successively at Padiham, as missionary in the Manchester district, at Blackley, and at Hindley, he toiled hard (for scanty remuneration), and left his mark wherever he laboured. It is nearly 30 years since he retired with broken health from the pulpit at Hindley, more than twenty since his ministry at the Macclesfield Free Church came to an end. But his interest in mental and spiritual progress has continued unabated, and he speaks his mind freely on many questions which press upon us to-day. If he is intolerant of anything it is of intolerance; and here and there perhaps he is rather severe on ecclesiastics of the sacerdotal type and on defenders of traditional forms of faith.

We have noticed some slips of the pen (Needham Market, e.g., where Priestley preached, is in Suffolk, not Kent), quotations not quite accurately given, and printers' errors. But these are not alarming, and the book is one from which much may be learnt. So, let us thank Mr. Rushton heartily for it, in the hope that his second volume will soon be to hand. D. A.

MAN'S ORIGIN, DESTINY AND DUTY. By Hugh MacColl. Williams & Norgate. 4s. 6d. net.

MR. HUGH MACCOLL'S attempt to re-examine the old problem of Soul and Body, in his own quite individual way, helps us to feel that we are as yet only at the beginning of knowledge on these subjects. Starting from the ordinary presuppositions of every-day consciousness of the world, he shows how we are led by natural steps to spiritual views of the universe, which

entirely disintegrate the confidence we formerly felt in that every-day consciousness. We find everything relative, nothing absolute. Our ordinary conceptions of time and space leave us "confronted by strange and perplexing paradoxes"; and the field seems open for all kinds of theories. If telepathy is possible, and if other of Mr. MacColl's reasonings be correct, then "the hypothesis that the sentient soul acts on and receives sensations through the medium of a distant and non-sentient body seems, in spite of its startling strangeness, to offer a more satisfactory explanation of certain psychological and physiological phenomena." Our author is insistent on the point that physiologists have no ground for saying that the brain feels any more than any other part of the body. They have maintained in face of the conflicting and elusive testimonies of some of our sensations, that no part of the body, if we except the brain, ever feels; and Mr. MacColl asserts that they have no trustworthy data for their conclusion that the brain is an exception. Once admit, then, "as the biologists assert," that the Soul (defined as *that which feels, or is conscious*) "is not in that part of the body where, by direct sensation, it supposes itself to be, and all valid objection to the hypothesis that it may be altogether external to the body (brain included), and may be even many miles, or many millions of miles, from the body, vanishes."

There is no lack of courage in Mr. MacColl's suggestions. He reprints an ingenious illustration from the *Hibbert Journal* of the relation between Chance and Purpose. He holds that "the central fallacy in all atheistical explanations of the phenomena of the universe is the tacit assumption that *chance* and *design* are antagonistic terms," whereas the mathematician will set you to make random dots on a piece of paper, and if you keep within certain bounds you will inevitably evolve certain geometrical figures and shadings, which he foresaw, while you thought you were acting by mere chance. Whether, however, Mr. MacColl's illustration shows anything more than that the physical universe is a "materialised logical process" is open to question. But we should agree that even this would take us a good way from old-fashioned "atheism."

NOTES BY THE WAY is the title of a substantial volume by John Collins Francis (Fisher Unwin, pp. 340, 10s. 6d. net), into which the author has gathered his copious contributions during many years to the pages of *Notes and Queries*. In addition the book opens and closes with biographical sketches respectively of Joseph Knight, the well-known dramatic critic, and of the Rev. J. Woodfall Ebsworth, of "Ballad Society" fame. While such a volume is chiefly valuable to the journalist as an addition to his shelf of trustworthy authorities on all sorts of matters more or less recondite, and yet frequently mentioned in ephemeral literature, there is abundant store of interest for the general reader who has a taste for books and authors. Not only does Mr. Francis inform us on such topics as *The Leisure Hour*, *Globe*, *Field*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Saturday Review*, and other

journals; he gossips instructively also on Cowper, Longfellow, the Jews and their schools, and so on. One of the most useful bits of reference work in the book is the carefully classified list of all Civil List grants and pensions awarded in the last half of the nineteenth century in connection with literature, science, art, music, the drama, scholarship, and public service. So far as our tests have gone the data recorded here are singularly accurate, but the whole volume is done in good, workmanlike manner. It is issued in connection with the sixtieth anniversary of *Notes and Queries*, which falls in November next. Any profit from its sale will be devoted to the Readers' Pension Fund.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND THE SYNOPSIS, by F. W. Worsley, M.A., B.D. (T. & T. Clark, 3s. net), is a small book on a large subject. The author believes the apostle John to be the author of the Fourth Gospel, that he based his work mainly on Mark, omitting "all reference to matters satisfactorily detailed by the synoptists," and only repeating incidents "already recounted by the others when he wishes (a) to make deliberate corrections, or (b) to supplement the narrations by introducing points which the writer considers were essential to a proper understanding of the events." He freely concedes that in some things the synoptists are distinctly contradicted by the fourth evangelist. On the other hand he admits that, at least in the sequel of the story of the raising of Lazarus, this writer is himself mistaken. "To account for the triumphal crowds at the great entry he could only point—as he does in the story of it (12-17)—to the widespread knowledge of the miracle. He thus exalts it into a matter of the greatest importance, whereas it was probably a very quiet family affair. . . The lapse of time had completely upset the writer's mental perspective, and finding no immediate cause for or explanation of the suddenness of the last crisis given by the synoptists, he thinks that he is able to supply all this from his own personal knowledge" (page 143). When we add that, in spite of a boisterously jocular tone, there is good evidence of serious thought and of wide reading of the literature of the subject, the student will judge whether it is worth his while to consider Mr. Worsley's book as one more argument in the case.

JOHN PENRY, AND OTHER HEROES (Congregational Union, Farringdon-st., pp. 313) is the title of a very interesting book by the Rev. T. Gasquoine, B.A., of Bangor. It consists of a longish treatise on Penry, the martyr of 1593, and other essays on matters and persons connected with the old Non-conformity, such as St. Bartholomew's Day, the Farewell Sermons of the Ejected Ministers, John Howe, Philip Doddridge, &c. The essay on Penry is a very careful and detailed piece of work. The question of the authorship of "Marprelate" tracts has long exercised scholars. Mr. Gasquoine's conclusion is that, while Penry was undoubtedly engaged in the publication of some of the earlier of the tracts, he was not the author of any of them. A

very graphic and touching picture is given of the travels and trials of this hero of the freer faith. The author claims to be faithfully following in the spirit and aims of those who were called, but did not call themselves, "Separatists," when he pleads for the most "truly comprehensive and Catholic Church of God." Like Dr. John Taylor afterwards, those pioneers of the non-prelatic system wished to be "Christians only." Incidentally, we may remark the pleasing testimony he adduces as to the more genial aspects of the Puritans; the evidence he gives of the high spiritual tone of many of those who were ejected in 1662 is perhaps better known—if not, it deserves to be. In fact, the book is distinctly one that should find many readers, not least among those who cherish the memory of the old Academies.

IN OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY (Longman's Anglican Church Handbooks series, one shilling) Canon Girdlestone discusses a vast and multifarious subject in small space. Not only do the older Biblical writings come up for study, but the whole philosophy of theism and of human psychology demands his attention. The condensed result is not attractive in form, and, despite our warm appreciation of much that is advanced we close the book with a sense of disappointment. Doubtless this is partly due to want of accord with some of the author's fundamental positions. He abides, in the main, by the traditional estimate of the Scripture literature; even the Fall is accepted; and the manifestations by angels and visions, the foretellings of events, and other abnormal features of the Old Testament appear to be less troublesome to his mind than to our own. We confess, also, that his reliance on the alleged adumbration of the tri-personal Godhead in scattered texts is unwelcome, if not surprising. What we do welcome is the closing note of the book. "To sum up the practical product of Old Testament theology as it showed itself in the inner and outer life of its true adherents, we could hardly use better words than those in which the Christian character is summed up—Faith and Hope and Love." If this be so, is not the reflection inevitable that the attitude of most Christian apologists and propagandists toward the older religion has been largely mistaken? And, if the "practical product" was indeed equivalent to the embodiment of "the Christian character," would not much that has been pressed as necessary in Christian doctrine appear after all to be superfluous?

The second number of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY (London: The Sunday School Association, 3d. net.), under the editorship of the Rev. J. A. Pearson, is excellent in the variety of its contents and the ability of its writers. The Rev. E. W. Lummis describes in his picturesque way the religious work among the children in a Swiss mountain village, Dr. Mellone has an article on "Belief in God," and the Rev. J. C. Balantyne writes on "The Boys' own Brigade." There are also notes for teachers by the Rev. James Ruddell, and numerous other

good things. It may be recommended cordially to all teachers who want a wider outlook and the stimulus of helpful thought in their teaching.

YOUNG DAYS for July (London: The Sunday School Association) pursues the bright tenor of its way, with pictures, stories, notes of guild work, and other attractive and helpful things. We should like to see *Young Days* more widely known among people who want attractive reading for children pervaded by a good religious atmosphere, without the self-consciousness and the sentimental forcing of spiritual experience, which are too often to be found in religious writings for the young.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co.:—"New Worlds for Old." H. G. Wells. 1s.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS:—"Is a World Religion Possible?" David Balsillie, M.A. 4s.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS:—"The Transmigration of Souls." D. A. Bertholet. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. 6d. "Jesus or Paul." Dr. Arnold Meyer. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. 6d.

OPEN ROAD PUBLISHING Co.:—"Moods." J. C. Granville. 1s. 6d.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—"Spain." Leonard Williams. 1s. 6d.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. Courtesy as a Matter of Religion. L. H. M. Soulsby. 2d. net.

The City, Financial Review of Reviews, International Journal of Ethics, Mind, Country Home, British Health Review.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

THE PEACE MISSION TO GERMANY.

WELCOME HOME TO MR. JOHN HARRISON.

A LARGE and enjoyable reception was held at Essex Hall on Wednesday evening of this week to give a public welcome home to Mr. John Harrison, after his fraternal missions to Germany and Geneva as President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Mr. Harrison's address, which was full of racy humour, was greatly enjoyed. It was on June 17, he reminded us, that the representative deputation of Christian Churches left for Germany in the interests of peace. Never from the first to the last day of the journey was there an echo of a theological wrangle. There cannot have been a single individual on the deputation who did not feel that there existed a spirit of union among the Christian churches of this country, which had not been realised before. Special mention was made of the wonderful power of organisation shown by the German people, who were in charge of the arrangements, everything worked with military precision, and of the warmth of German hospitality. It would be impossible to surpass the heartiness of the welcome accorded to the deputation by all classes of the German people. Is it conceivable under any circumstances, Mr. Harrison asked, for us to become the enemies of people such as these? The churches of both nations ought to be able to give an emphatic negative to any such question. After a sketch of the route taken by the deputation, the reception by the Emperor, and the endless procession of speeches and banquets, a recital which was received with some merriment by the audience,

Mr. Harrison addressed himself to the serious inquiry, What was the precise object of such a journey, and what the effect of such an interchange of international courtesies? Speaking for himself he did not think it would be wise or judicious to forget that there are many causes of differences between the two nations, due chiefly to the rapid commercial expansion of Germany. They must be faced and treated in a friendly manner before they could be overcome. After a passing reference to the effect of preferential railway and shipping rates, which amount to an indirect bounty and attract goods to German shipping companies, and the thorny subject of high protective tariffs, he concluded an address, which throughout its delivery infected the audience with the speaker's own enjoyment of a unique experience, by expressing his confidence that there is a strong feeling of brotherly love between the two nations which no commercial difficulties can destroy. Let nations decide that they will only fight in self-defence, and war will for ever become impossible.

Mr. F. Maddison, M.P., another member of the deputation, expressed his pride in the selection of Mr. Harrison as one of the small group to be presented to the German Emperor. It showed the spirit of breadth and friendliness among the leaders of the deputation. Proceeding to give some of the impressions of a "tripper," he alluded to the aloofness of the great mass of German working people from the Lutheran Church. The social democrats of Germany cannot understand how a man connected with Trades Unions should have anything to do with churches and the clergy. He also spoke briefly of the differences between the two peoples, but, he added with significant emphasis, there is no country with which we have so few diplomatic difficulties at the present time. On the question of preference he maintained a discreet silence, only, however, to be the more emphatic in his protest against the statement of the Bishop of Salisbury, made in the Upper House of Convocation, that one thing had emerged conclusively from the visit, namely, the absolute necessity of compulsory military service in this country. Mr. Maddison expressed his amazement at the rashness of such a large and general declaration on a subject which lay completely outside their sphere of observation. "I am convinced," he said, "that the great majority of the party would absolutely repudiate the statement."

Mr. Harrison announced that owing to the late hour he would postpone his words about Calvin and the Geneva celebration to another occasion. An excellent meeting was brought to a close by the enthusiastic adoption of a resolution, which was moved by the President and seconded by General Wallace, expressing gratitude and good-will to the German people.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE UNION FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

OXFORD SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE Summer School opened most auspiciously on Monday, July 12, at Manchester College, Oxford. The attend-

ance has been excellent beyond expectations, and a spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm has pervaded the meetings. At 4.30 on Monday, the members were welcomed to the College and to Oxford, in a very happy speech by Dr. Drummond, who dwelt on the underlying spiritual motives and aims of all social reforms, and reminded his hearers that the desire for social justice and the kingdom of God was no new dream in the human heart. Brotherly love had been the keynote of the deeper life of Christianity in all ages. The Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, as President, returned thanks for the welcome, and expressed the special gratitude of the Union to Dr. Drummond, both for the words he had spoken and for his willingness to become one of their vice-presidents. In the evening a service was held in the College Chapel, when the Rev. A. A. Charlesworth preached on "Thy neighbour as thyself." A few moments of quiet worship conducted by the Rev. F. H. Vaughan, of Mansfield, were a suitable opening to the work of Tuesday, the first lectures of the School being delivered subsequently in the College Library by Mr. Martley and Mr. Wicksteed. The afternoon was devoted to Oxford sight-seeing, the visit to Ruskin College being specially enjoyed owing to the luminous and interesting address given by Mr. Buxton, the vice-principal, the intrinsic interest of this noble educational experiment, and the contrast between the largeness of its ideal and its present meagre surroundings. The school is still in progress as we go to press, and we must defer a full account till next week. It has amply maintained the reputation secured by the success of the first meeting for thought and teaching which are fresh and stimulating, and religious inspiration in close contact with the realities of life.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

THE annual Conference was held in the Memorial Hall, Manchester, on Thursday, July 1, when there was a good attendance of members from various parts of the country, several being from Ireland.

The proceedings were begun with the Communion Service, conducted by the President, the Rev. J. J. Wright, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Redfern.

The report, after referring to the proceedings at the last Conference, deals with the services promoted at Windermere and at Douglas, I.O.M., by the committee, and with the subjects which have been before it since the annual meeting.

The officers and committee were then appointed as follows:—President, Rev. J. C. Street; treasurer, Rev. T. P. Spedding; secretary, Rev. W. R. Shanks; auditor, Rev. W. T. Bushrod. Committee: Rev. Principal Gordon, M.A., H. B. Smith, G. A. Payne, J. M. Bass, M.A., and W. L. Schroeder, M.A.

The Revs. E. D. Priestly Evans, W. Short, B.A., W. T. Davis, and J. S. Burgess were admitted to membership, and a welcome to them was given by the Rev. J. C. Street, to which the Rev. E. D. Priestly Evans responded.

The Rev. J. J. Wright delivered the presidential address, and subsequently the subject of open-air mission work was introduced by the Rev. H. B. Smith, who referred to the effort now being made in the Potteries, and supported an extension of that method. The Rev. W. R. Shanks drew attention to the existence in many of the larger centres of population of branches of the League of Progressive Thought, and urged that consideration should be given to the question of the possibilities of joint action with members of the League in mission work. The Rev. A. C. Smith confirmed the need for making

perfectly clear and unmistakable our religious motive in all our missionary efforts, and the Rev. T. P. Spedding, referring to the work in the Potteries district, explained that the credit for what had been done there should not be set down to the Van Mission, but to the Rev. G. Pegler, B.A. The Rev. G. Pegler, alluding to his open-air meetings, stated that it was his conviction that the future of the Unitarian churches depended upon their possessing the missionary spirit and their determination to strengthen and encourage the smaller congregations.

The afternoon session of the Conference was addressed by the Rev. Alfred Hall, M.A., who, at the request of the committee, read a paper of great interest on the question of the organisation of our churches. Mr. T. F. Robinson, an active layman in the Manchester district, was present on the invitation of the committee to open the discussion. After making reference to the able character of the paper and to several of its outstanding features, he argued earnestly for the retention of the freedom of our congregations, in order to permit of development in the future, and claimed that we should aim at friendly association upon a sympathetic basis rather than upon a financial nexus. The Rev. E. D. Priestly Evans went straight to the heart of a part of the problem by describing the work of the N. E. Lancashire Mission and its policy. It stood for the freedom of the associated churches and sought to secure it by encouraging the formation of congregational rather than national funds. Many churches would be closed were it not for the endowments. A further word on the same subject was spoken by the Rev. J. J. Wright, in explanation of the independence funds of the congregations of N. E. Lancashire.

The Rev. B. C. Constable moved a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper and to the opener of the discussion, which was seconded by the Rev. H. McLachlan. In his reply, Mr. Hall earnestly and emphatically opposed the plan of congregational endowments, and directed attention to Newman's book on "Catholic Union," for a discussion of the principles involved in the organisation of a universal church. A vote of thanks to the Revs. D. Agate, B.A., and G. A. Payne for their services in connection with the provision of hospitality was passed on the motion of Dr. E. Thackray, and the President proposed a similar vote to the trustees of the Memorial Hall. The Rev. J. C. Street called for a vote of thanks to the secretary, which was accorded, and, on the motion of the Rev. H. B. Smith, the President was thanked for his services during the year.

The Conference was then brought to a close with prayer by the Rev. J. C. Street.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE Midland van continued in Hinckley until Wednesday, and there were satisfactory attendances, while gratifying evidences of good feeling towards the local congregation were abundant. The hospitality and assistance of the friends made matters smooth for the missionaries, and the reports are full of hearty acknowledgements for kindnesses which were shown. Rev. Charles Travers, as missionary, had the assistance of Rev. T. J. Jenkins, who presided at most of the meetings. On Thursday the van was brought to Leicester, where arrangements were in the hands of a small committee which selected sites and did its best to interest the churches in the work. The church magazines spoke in cordial terms of the Mission beforehand, and were careful to convey an assurance that the meetings were not intended to be a mere controversial attack upon orthodoxy. "This," said the Rev. Kenneth Bond, in the Narborough-road calendar, "would be to misread the signs of the times. Men are caring less and less for old battle cries, and more and more for the deep underlying principles of righteousness and mercy. This is not to say that it is proposed to avoid questions of dogma. The decay of dogma gives us our opportunity of proclaiming the great truth of the Fatherland of God and the actual sonship of all men, and of making clear to the passer-by aspects of truth that are dealt with by orthodox ministers with far too much 'caution.'" This is so much to the point, and so entirely in harmony with the work the Mission has all along been doing, that it is worth while quoting as an independent setting forth of its objects. In Rev. E. I. Fripp's calendar for the Great Meeting, the following appears:—"The

Mission will not be conducted on mere controversial lines. Its aim is to deepen the sense of God and righteousness by means of a liberal interpretation of the facts of the universe and human life. In Leicester, at any rate, the van shall have a broad platform.² That is also good, and shows that the writer has come at the true spirit of the Mission, but just in that last sentence seems to be an implication that it may not always be quite as broad as Leicester would like it to be. And it may be fitting, in view of a recent criticism which reached us, to say that so far as the Mission is concerned, it is in each town just exactly as broad or as narrow as the men who are doing the work make it. The Mission never inquires when a friend offers to help, whether he is of one type or another. The fact that he is willing to help is sufficient. For this reason orthodox ministers have, before now, been on our platform, and so far as our own ministers are concerned it is their willingness to take part in our work, not the smaller fact that they are identified with Mr. A's or Mr. B's peculiar party notions that matters. And thus it is that the Mission has had the co-operation of men representing surely every one of the many shades of doctrinal and ecclesiastical difference among us. But the Mission has once or twice—in response to inquiries—laid it down as a condition, that on its platform those discussions about names and such like, which have hindered the real work of the churches, should at least be kept in the background. They have no interest for the outsider, and cannot be worthy of discussion in the face of a van audience. It is, of course, conceivable that each minister might wish his hearers to know precisely his relation to the whole body. It is likely that his whole time would be occupied in the explanation. It is certain that his audience would slip away whilst he tried to make these things clear. It is plain that the Mission would also be laughed out of existence. Men are not edified to day with controversial attacks of one church upon another. They are interested not at all in the fact that in a given denomination there are sectional tendencies and variations quite apart from the good work which claims them all. It is by its work, rather than by anything else, that the Mission can hope to find a response in the hearts and lives of men.

The little word of assurance by our friends in Leicester to meet perhaps the doubts of some as to the real object of the Mission (a word which is of use no doubt where the Mission has not been known hitherto) enables us to say that the "breadth" of the Mission is not at all a question that disturbs our own peace of mind. You are bound to trust the men on whom you depend. Then every man is broad from his own point of view. And we have never so much as heard it hinted that in the field our speakers exhibited narrowness. It may easily happen, however, that the very breadth of a man's views may be his undoing. It is said of some orthodox preachers of liberal tendencies that they hide their liberalism by an insincere use of orthodox phraseology in their public utterances. They leave the impression that, despite rumour, they are "safe."³ With our own preachers a danger of leaving a wrong impression arises from the fact that sufficient care is not always taken to ensure that the audience understands the meaning of the broad terminology. An address, for example, which might be spoken with assurance of its being understood by one of our own congregations accustomed to the train of thought may require far more careful handling in the open before an audience that is entirely unfamiliar with the whole course of the ideas expressed. So we have heard a man described as an agnostic on the strength of an address he had delivered, whereas to his regular audience his words would have constituted a splendid affirmation of a pure spiritual theism. The essential thing, therefore, is to be careful that the hearer is not misunderstanding what is being said. We may at least be sure that nothing of this kind has happened in Leicester, where the missionary for the week, Rev. C. Harvey Cook, has had the assistance of Rev. Kenneth Bond, who has helped with the general arrangements, and also of Rev. E. I. Fripp. The meetings have been moderately large, and might, perhaps, have been larger had it not been for many other meetings of public importance, including the protest meeting in regard to the visit of the Czar. On Sunday the missionary preached at Narborough-road Church, and Mr. Talbot gave an address at the Great Meeting school.

The London van had the benefit of Rev. A. Hurn's services on Monday and Wednesday;

and on Tuesday Mr. Chancellor took the meeting. Mr. Chancellor, however, had only a score of folk to hear him in the rain, and he wisely invited a number into the van, and talked with them there. On Thursday the van took up a position in Harlesden, Rev. W. T. Bushrod being missionary. Friends were present from Kilburn with Rev. C. Roper, and there were good opening meetings. The reports after Friday were not to hand. Till next Wednesday, the van will be at Willesden Green, and moves to Hendon on the 22nd.

The Welsh meetings were continued at Ammanford by Rev. J. Hathren Davies. On Tuesday the audience numbered 300. On Wednesday there were 80, and few of these could stand long in the wet and cold. On Thursday a return visit was paid to Llanelly, Rev. G. L. Phelps being missionary. Rev. S. Jones, who has again acted as local secretary for Wales, was also present, and conducted the meeting on Sunday, Mr. Phelps preaching at Swansea. The attendances varied from 150 to 850 owing to the weather, which has been bad all week.

It may be added that of the 24 meetings reported this week, 15 have been attended by wet and stormy weather.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Wealdstone, July 5¹ to 7, three meetings, attendance 360; Harlesden, July 7 and 8, two meetings, attendance 600.

MIDLANDS.—Hinckley, July 5 to 7, three meetings, attendance 670; Leicester, July 8 to 11, three meetings, attendance 730.

WALES.—Ammanford, July 5 to 7, two meetings, attendance 380; Llanelly, July 7 to 11, three meetings, attendance 1,350.

SCOTLAND.—Grangemouth, July 5 to 11, seven meetings, attendance 4,350; Falkirk, July 11, attendance 800.

TOTALS.—July 5 to 11, twenty-four meetings, attendance 9,640; average, 401.

Communications to Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

The Rev. E. T. Russell reports:—"The Scottish van is still at Grangemouth, and large crowds have gathered around it each night. The van is not taken out on Sundays, but meetings are held on that day. The usual service was held yesterday, Sunday, July 11, at Stenhouse-muir in the morning. A lecture was delivered at Grangemouth in the afternoon, and one was also given at Falkirk in the evening.

COLLEGE ADDRESS.

THE WORTH OF HUMAN PERSONALITIES.

BY PROF. G. DAWES HICKS, Ph.D., Litt.D.*

RELIGION is from first to last especially concerned with the interests and well-being of man. Wherever the strain and stress of life are making themselves felt, wherever earnest thought and moral endeavour are evincing themselves, wherever trial and temptation weigh human spirits down, there religion must come with its message of trust and hope and inspiration. The main function of religion is to elevate and sweeten daily life, to transform character into ever nobler and purer forms, to raise the human soul to a consciousness of the reality of that Divine Spirit in whom we all live and move, and have our being. Perhaps we hardly recognise how much we owe to the Positivists for the persistent and unwearied way in which they have striven to make us realise the tremendous significance that belongs to the human race in the scheme of things. Whilst physical science has been constantly tending in these modern days to dwarf man's spirit by thrusting upon it the immensities of the material universe, the Positivists have clearly seen that however vast the realms of space may be, and however minute this small globe may appear by comparison, yet the existence on it of humanity is no mere accident, no mere by-product of evolution, but a great and stupendous fact, let the dimensions of stellar regions be as immeasurable as they may. "I would rather have an hour's sympathy with one noble heart than read the law of gravitation through and through," was the confession of a mind of whose sincerity there can be at least no question. And when Kant, in a moment of ecstasy, declared that two things filled him with awe—the starry heavens and the sense of moral

* An address to the students of the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen.

responsibility in man, he at any rate was under no misapprehension, but well knew that the splendour of the former in no way dimmed or overshadowed the intrinsic dignity of the latter. Nay, is it not one of the fatal delusions to which the merely calculating intellect is liable that leads us to pit these realities over against each other at all? For they are not in truth commensurable. Even the omniscient God cannot persuade the planets to revolve round the sun by convincing them of the categorical imperative, nor on the other hand can the united forces of the huge mechanism of nature prevail upon a Luther to deviate one hair's breadth from his purpose as he stands before the Diet of Worms. View them how you will, matter and soul belong to different planes of being, and there is no common standard which you can bring to bear equally upon both. He who is tempted to think or speak disparagingly of humanity because of the little room it occupies in the vast scale of the material universe is on a par with him who sneers at patriotism, and will not hear of England's greatness, because our tiny island, is such a dot on the map of the world. It is a species of mental blindness, that, by which I fear we are all at times afflicted, and for my part I am grateful to the Positivists for the pertinacity and courage with which they, not, indeed, alone, but still with characteristically deliberate aim, have tried to clear that blindness away. I recall, for example, the magnificent protest of Mr. Frederic Harrison against the pantheism that would absorb the lives of us all into the lifeless whole of what it calls "the cosmos," and I find in his words the basis for a faith wider, indeed, in its range than any which he himself would sanction. "There lies," he says, "in the heart of the poorest and meanest child, a potency that cannot be even stated in terms of the deepest philosophy of the physical universe. Whilst one mother struggling to save one child were left on this mere speck of dust in the countless procession of the suns, the devotion of that poor creature to her offspring, the love and trust of the child for her protecting parent, have a deeper religious meaning than all the music of the spheres, or the mystery of cosmic forces. There, where these two are cowering together in trust and love are still life for others, labour for others, endurance for the sake of something not our own, a sense of reverence and gratitude for protection, conquering pain, and leaping over death." Deep and profound is the truth embodied in these glowing words. Having, however, said that, I am bound to add that it is a truth which seems to me to be often lost from view in Mr. Harrison's presentations of that ideal which he would offer us as a substitute for the idea of the Divine. Inspiration and encouragement are no doubt to be obtained from the thought of humanity, conceived as the collective spirit, so to speak, of all that was precious and elevating in the intellectual, moral, and religious life of the myriads who from the dawn of history have contributed to human knowledge and goodness, a spirit enveloping each of us as an atmosphere, assimilated and transmuted into the very bone and fibre of our social being, and claiming from us in return the fruits of our industry, our helpfulness, our rectitude. "In some infinitesimal degree," we are assured, "the humblest life that ever turned a sod sends a wave—nay, more than a wave—through the ever-growing harmony of human society. Not a soldier died at Marathon or Salamis but did a stroke by which our thought is enlarged, and our standard of duty formed to this day."¹ Be it so, certainly no word of mine shall minimise or call in question what is thus maintained; I would fain believe that the light and sweetness and beauty of every true and saintly soul are beyond the power of time and change to touch or tarnish, and that in the way just indicated they are preserved as lasting influences even here on earth. But when I am further told, as by the founder of Positivism, that "the individual man is a mere abstraction, and that there is nothing real but humanity," then I find myself in complete and absolute disagreement. Whilst repudiating the individualism according to which persons are conceived as so many isolated, independent units, whilst recognising to the full that each one of us only becomes himself in proportion as by work and thought and love he gradually makes the larger life of others his own, I would yet insist, and insist in the strongest manner, that humanity as such is a pure abstraction, and has no real existence whatsoever, save in and through the individual lives and souls and characters that are incor-

porations of it. In a sense, indeed, we are, as Mr. Harrison is fond of calling us, children of humanity, but then the life of humanity is, as Goethe said of the life of nature, in her children, and apart from them the mother is not. It has become customary amongst certain writers to speak of humanity as a real living personality, endowed with consciousness and will, of which individuals are but the specialised organs, but such a mode of expression is, I venture to think, confusing and misleading. Just as there can be no thought without thinkers, no speech without speakers, and no love without lovers, so there can be no humanity without men. Humanity lives only in the lives and experiences of individual souls; it has a permanent meaning insofar as it is transmitted from mind to mind, and is incorporated in the various organisations and institutions of social progress. But there is no distinct and separate entity called humanity, standing over against us human beings as a "Great Being" that endures and abides, whilst we are born and pass away. So conceived humanity becomes cold and ghost-like as the dreariest pantheistic "cosmos," and, indeed, precisely after the manner of the latter, from which it was to rescue us, it absorbs us all in its chill embrace, and tears us up into bloodless categories.

By our modern habits of thought and language we are, I am sure, perpetually tempted to fall into the error of which I have been speaking. The tendency of our social conditions is to form men and women according to one pattern, to restrain in them all that is original or characteristic, to stifle and repress all genuine individuality. Politics forces us to act with one party, and stigmatises as a renegade the man who dare to utter an independent opinion of his own. Imperialism would bring into subjection the aspirations of all to the will of one; democracy into harmony with the will of many. Religious sects would fence round the sheep in their folds with stereotyped beliefs and dogmas, and let loose the dogs of heresy upon the luckless mortal who strays beyond. And is not the same largely true of our own personal dealings with our fellow-creatures? Most of us have, I suppose, a small band of relatives and friends, whom we know more or less intimately, whose inner being we to some extent appreciate and understand. But for the rest, how superlatively slight is our affinity with the individuality of men! We group them in masses, we parcel them out in classes, and we contemplate them much as we do the stones of a building or the waves of the sea. What do we mean, for instance, when we talk of the English people, and connect ourselves in kinship with a national life? Are we mindful of a confederation of millions of souls, each of whom is living his own life, experiencing his own feelings, working out his own destiny, and returning at length to his own God? Far from it. For us the English people is one huge aggregate; we think of it, we speak of it, we write of it, as such, and in our blundering way of picturing it to ourselves we miss the central significance that ought to attach to the words we use. Does the statesman realise it when he is in charge of a measure that will affect for good or ill the welfare of multitudes? Does the employer of labour realise it when he engages the hundreds of workers, whose toil shall produce the article of commerce for which he is responsible to the market? Does even the minister of religion realise it when he is speaking, or should be, of those eternal verities that link our human spirits to the divine? One has only to ask such questions in order to drag to light the fallacy that so easily besets us. Through the fictitious personification of an abstraction we let escape us the greatest and most fundamental truth pertaining to us as human beings—the truth, namely, of the unique, personal, individual character of every finite soul, and of the distinctive part assigned to each in the spiritual community of the world. "So careful of the type we seem, so careless of the single life."

Ah, but here on this higher plane of being, the single life is the main and essential fact, the sole significance of the type is relative to and dependent upon it. As we advance from the realm of mechanism to the realm of spirit, we need to change wholly our method of treatment and interpretation. In dealing with physical phenomena, the scientist is justified, and indeed compelled, to proceed by the use of abstractions. Atoms for him are all very much alike, and, as moving and vibrating, the properties of untold millions of them can be represented in a concise mathematical

formula. For Newton, suns and planets and falling apples vie with each other in illustrating the law of gravity, and without further inquiry into particulars the law of gravity may be taken as scientifically accounting for the movements of them all. So it is throughout with reference to the physical universe; for the purposes of scientific explanation we may disregard the infinite multiplicity of detail, and concentrate attention only on the general features. Given the condition of the mechanism of nature at any one moment, then its condition at any antecedent or subsequent moment is calculable; its continuous changes are all of them exemplifications of universal principles, and these known, there is little else of scientific interest to tell. But the case is quite otherwise when we pass to the world of minds, the world of history, the world of spiritual realities. There we find that individual lives, individual persons, individual events—everything in brief that we have ignored in the sphere of mechanism—are the salient factors in the situation. For the historian, it is true, all individualities are not of equal importance, but the importance that accrues to any one of them is due not to its being a basis for sweeping inductions, not to any suggestion it may offer of a general law, but to the quite special and peculiar portraiture it enables him to draw of a particular inner life, of unique qualities, qualities of soul, which simply have no exact parallel, search for it where he will. Each personality in living its own life, in thinking its own thoughts, in experiencing its own affections, in cherishing its own admirations, and in fulfilling its own purposes, is a unique reality in history, and there is no second personality that can be substituted for it. No finite being can actually be said to take the place of another; that place is the individual's own, a private inheritance in the commonwealth of souls. Nor does this hold good only of the noted names of history. It is true no less of the countless lives that, with as little thought of earning gratitude as of emerging from obscurity, have been, all unknown to themselves, sources of unique spiritual influence. What depths of pure thought, what depths of tender affection, what depths of untiring goodness, have eluded the pen of the biographer, whilst records of more conspicuous but far less noble services have been handed down to fame! "The growing good of the world is," as George Eliot expresses it, "partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." Herein, then, lies the supreme contrast between the sphere of mechanism and the sphere of conscious spirits; the one can be understood in terms of abstract generalities, the other in terms only of the infinite richness and variety of its individual members. Whereas in the former we are concerned with what can be weighed and measured and tabulated, in the latter there comes before us for the first time a system of worths or values, to which notions of quantity and number are wholly inapplicable. The principle of the conservation of values, it has recently been maintained, is the fundamental axiom of religion. Through the light of that principle we may see once more the futility of the notion of Humanity conceived as an object of religious reverence and aspiration. In the bare notion of humanity, there can be no conservation of values. Individual souls, individual minds, individual characters, alone possess value, and if these be cast as rubbish to the void, then values, too, die with them, even though the idea of humanity preserve its timeless validity in some Platonic heaven.

And now, at length, I have prepared the way for the message I bring to you to-day. As ministers of religion you are to be guides and inspirers of men, helpers in the rearing of human personalities, custodians of the world's values. For that great calling human nature will be your chief study, and you will study it reverently and devotedly at first hand in the little circles in which your ministry will lie. There it will come before you in manifold and diverse forms—in the innocence and merriment of children, in the strenuousness and ardour of youth, in the busy industry and fond devotion of manhood and womanhood, in the calm serenity of old age. Common-place things enough, do you say, and hardly sufficient material upon which to expend the energies of a vocation! Be not deceived; if what we have been insisting upon is true, there is nothing in all the world that is more full of

undying interest. Common in a sense these familiar facts may be, but common-place they certainly are not. Behind them lie just the unique dramas, the unique tragedies of which we have been speaking—the values and worths which give to human life its inexhaustible grace and dignity. Aspirations, ideals, voiceless prayers, and joys, sorrows and loves the most profound, secrets the deepest, yearnings and loneliness of heart, pathetic in its sadness, and yet majestic surely in its significance—all this and much more is there, and if you can but see it, and watch it and gently sympathise with it, you will have enough of eager, passionate interest to call forth all the resources of your thought and faith and courage. You need be envious, then, not even of those who stand foremost in the ranks of popularity, and whose names are on everybody's tongue. For you will be in close touch with what they, for the most part, behold only from a distance—the greatest and divinest incidents transacted below the skies. "Christ did not love humanity," declares a modern author, "he never said he loved humanity; he loved men." Paradoxical as that dictum may sound, I believe it to be unreservedly true. The essential characteristic of the Christian gospel—that which distinguished it from any other that had been previously proclaimed—is not expressed in the phrase the "enthusiasm of humanity," but in the emphasis it laid upon the infinite worth and value of each individual soul. Christ saw that heaven was needed to complete the history of earth, because each finite soul had within it the capacity of contributing that to existence without which the whole universe of reality would be incalculably the poorer. The universe can spare, if needs be, the law of gravitation, but it cannot spare the love and affection of a single noble heart.

Plunged then into this work, so replete with untold possibilities, how are you going to meet its demands, and rise to the height of its opportunities? Avoid from the outset, I pray you, one fatal mistake into which just now you may all too readily fall. There are always in every church certain persons who will lend their suffrages to him who flatters them by defending their own pet dogmas or sectarian prejudices. When men are clamouring about doctrines and creeds and articles, a cheap popularity may easily be won by espousing either the one side or the other. But it is a popularity that is dearly bought. These miserable wrangles are bringing often the Christian Church into discredit, and preventing its ministers from grappling with the real problems of life. If you will but take the trouble to know men—to know them intimately and well—you will find that their most vital concern is not with questions of trinity or unity, not with questions of miracle or biblical infallibility and the like, but with thoughts and ideals that constitute the very sum and substance of what we mean by religion. "Believers in God" is the inarticulate cry that you may hear pressed upon you, "tell us of Him. Is there indeed an Omniscent Mind, guiding the course of events, or are we orphans in an alien universe, with no Eternal Love on which to lean? Have you really found an Over-soul, a living Intelligence, an Almighty Father?" "Men of trust," they cry again, "here are we toiling, suffering, dying; those who are dearest to us are slipping away from us in sickness to the grave; our home happiness is departing, death is making havoc amongst us, and hurrying us also to the tomb. Can you give us any assurance that this is not all, that we may look for light after all this terrible darkness?" Those are some of the actual realities you will be called upon to face, and unless you can bring earnest, sincere thought, patient reflection, and kindly sympathy here to bear, the great work of your lives will be left undone. Here in the quiet hours of college study, you have gained the preparatory training necessary for the task, and it remains for you to complete it now by first-hand experience of the wants and longings and sorrows of men. Go to them not as professional spiritual physicians to whom all doubt and misgiving and grief is very much of one kind, to whom the holiest things are only "cases"; they have got to attend to as part of their business. Go to them with real human discernment and feeling—with the feeling that can and will manifest itself if only it be there; go to them with that indefinable sympathy and love and considerateness which can penetrate into the very sanctuary of their hearts, and make them realise that you too are bowed down with them in the anguish they may be called upon to endure, and

yours will be a vocation blessed of men, and sanctified, I devoutly trust, by the approval of God.

Other fields of usefulness you may then indeed enter, but never at the cost of neglecting that where you are bound by all the claims of loyalty to be ever at your post. Civic and political duties will crowd upon you, and in the strife of contending parties it may be often incumbent upon you to make your voice heard, and your carefully considered judgments known. Great social changes are impending, and to these it is impossible that you can remain indifferent. Conceptions, too, of national policy are in the air, and from the discussion of them there will be for you no standing aloof. But, as guardians of the higher worths and values of existence, upon you the mission falls of convincing your fellow citizens that there is a truer imperialism to strive for than what is sometimes dignified by that name.

"Here, while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art,
Your triumphs and your glories vain,
To feed the hunger of their heart,
And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice and shame,
Is there no room for victories here,
No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while you can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of man
The empire that abides."²

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Ambleside.—As was announced among our advertisements last week, services will be held in the Old Chapel (near the Knoll), Rydal-road, Ambleside, from July 18 to Sept. 5, at 11 a.m., conducted by the Rev. P. M. Higginson, M.A.

Ainsworth.—The Sunday School Anniversary was held on July 4, the preacher being the Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, of Highgate. Special hymns and anthems were sung by the scholars and choir, and there were very large congregations, many people being unable to find room at the evening service. The collections, a little over £30, were smaller than last year. This, no doubt, was accounted for by the depression in the local cotton industry; but (a rare thing for such an occasion) it was felt that the collections were of secondary importance, that the most outstanding feature of the day was the preacher's message, for Mr. Charlesworth's sermons made a quite remarkable impression, and were felt to be, in the very deepest sense, helpful and inspiring by those who were privileged to hear them.

Auckland, New Zealand.—We have received with pleasure the June calendar of the very active and prosperous church of which the Rev. W. Jellie is minister. It contains a long list of institutions which evidently are being worked with vigour, and the announcement of a course of evening sermons on "Some Social Problems," which shows that the same influences are at work at the Antipodes, which are giving to liberal religion a new outlook at home. We notice also the announcement of the death on May 3 at Arapohue, Northern Wairoa, of Franklin Bradley, aged 75. He conducted Unitarian services for a year in Auckland so far back as 1863.

Burslem.—On Thursday evening last the Revs. A. Cobden Smith and G. Pegler, B.A., were the speakers at an open-air meeting held in Swan-square. Mr. Smith spoke for 45 minutes on the doctrines of Unitarianism. A promising attendance of 150 had assembled round the dais, when a disturbance connected with the colliery dispute caused the crowd to melt away faster than snow in summer. The meetings are to be continued each Thursday during July.

Evesham. Resignation.—Having decided to accept an invitation to Holywood, Co. Down, the Rev. G. Leonard Phelps has tendered his resignation of

the Oat-street Chapel pulpit. At a meeting of the congregation, held on July 9, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That the congregation receives with great regret the Rev. G. L. Phelps' resignation of the Oat-street pulpit, and while wishing him every success in his new sphere, thanks him for the services he has rendered to the congregation during the 4½ years of his ministry." Mr. Phelps hopes to begin his ministry at Holywood early in September.

Halifax: Northgate-end Chapel.—The annual Flower Service was held on Sunday afternoon, June 11, when the Rev. George T. Dickinson, B.A., B.Sc., minister of Park Congregational Church, gave an interesting address on "Flowers" to the scholars and friends. A good collection of flowers and plants added their own beauty to the service. The offertory, £3 17s., was for the Children's Sick Fund.

London Guilds' Union.—The annual outing of the Union was held on Saturday, July 10, at Kew Gardens by the invitation of the Essex Church Guild. Although the weather was not altogether propitious, a very pleasant afternoon was spent. There were 55 present, representing the guilds at Essex Church, Highgate, Mansford-street, Bermondsey, and Stratford. The arrangements for tea, which was taken at the pavilion inside the Gardens, were admirably carried out by the Rev. R. K. Davis.

London: Kentish Town.—We are informed that there will be no morning service on Sunday next, July 18, as the congregation desires to join with that of Little Portland-street Chapel in their closing service.

London Lay Preachers' Union.—A meeting of the Lay Preachers' Union of the Provincial Assembly of London and the South Eastern Counties was held at Essex Hall on Wednesday, July 14. Mr. W. Russell read an admirable paper on the work and aims of the lay-preacher, full of strong earnestness and deep Christian feeling. In the helpful discussion which followed his appeal for more fervour and directness in preaching met with a cordial response. Mr. E. Capleton was in the chair; the other members present were Messrs. A. J. Clarke, Wilkes Smith, W. Russell, G. J. Allen, Penwarden, Gale and Chancellor, and the Rev. F. Allen, hon. secretary of the Assembly. The Rev. W. H. Drummond received a cordial welcome from the members on his first appearance as Minister of the Assembly.

London: Little Portland Street.—We should like to remind our London readers of the closing services to-morrow (July 18) at Little Portland-street Chapel. It will be an occasion of deep interest for the memories it recalls. As we have pointed out elsewhere, the commanding genius of Dr. Martineau overshadows all the other ministers, and for the public mind it is still his chapel and his pulpit. But there are others whose names are very fragrant—the Rev. Edward Tagart the founder of the chapel, Rev. John James Tayler, who was Dr. Martineau's colleague for many years, and Dr. Sadler, at one time evening preacher in the chapel. Nor would it be fitting on such an occasion to forget the debt of religious gratitude to the ministers who are still with us, the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, the Rev. H. Rawlings, the Rev. H. S. Perris, and the veteran Rev. J. Page Hopps, for their noble pleadings for liberty, and their consistent effort to maintain the traditions of Little Portland-street Chapel as a place of spiritual worship and sincere religious teaching. After to-morrow the congregation will disperse for the summer, to re-unite on Sept. 12, when services will be commenced in University Hall, Gordon-square, pending permanent arrangements.

Mottram.—Sunday last, July 11, was the annual Scholars' Walk. A procession of over 200

scholars, teachers, and friends walked through the village, sang two hymns in the Market-square; and the Minister, the Rev. H. Bodell Smith, delivered a short open-air address explanatory of our faith, after which all proceeded to Chapel for afternoon service, where there was a large congregation. At evening service, with over 300 people assembled, book prizes were distributed by Mrs. Edgar Dowson to 57 scholars for regular and punctual attendance, Mrs. Dowson delivering a helpful address.

Newport, I.W.—The Sunday School Anniversary of the Unitarian Christian Church was celebrated on Sunday last July 11. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Special hymns from *Hymns for Heart and Voice* and *Hymns and Choral Songs*, were sung by the children. A very pleasant feature in the day's proceedings was the presence of several "old scholars," one of whom, a member of our church at Poole, rendered very efficient service in the choir. The sermons were preached morning and evening by the Rev. J. Ruddle, pastor, whose sermon in the morning was mainly to Sunday school teachers, and in the evening to the scholars, seventeen of whom received prizes for good attendance. The day was a joyous and helpful one. Satisfactory collections were raised for the Sunday school funds.

Stalybridge: Induction.—The Rev. Walter Short, B.A., was on Saturday afternoon and evening formally inducted and welcomed as the minister of the Stalybridge Unitarian Church, in succession to the Rev. W. G. Price, who has removed to Hale. The service in church in the afternoon was attended by a large congregation, whilst the evening ceremony in the Hob Hill Schools was witnessed by a still greater gathering. The induction was performed by the Rev. Principal Gordon, and the charge to the congregation was delivered by the Rev. C. J. Street, M.A., LL.B., of Sheffield. Principal Gordon, M.A., in giving the charge to the minister, said that religion needed preachers. Our Lord had left no books behind him, but men. These were the repositories of his teaching. Men were still required to proclaim his Gospel. But the modern preacher must be a student also, a reader of books, a reader of human nature, especially child nature. A Roman poet had said, "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia," and the modern minister must interest himself in the coming race. Nor should he close his eyes to the beauties and lessons of nature out of doors. The Principal declared that Mr. Short had received a double call—the call of his inmost being and the call of the congregation. Whilst "vox populi" was not always "vox Dei," a minister needed the call of his people, and he hoped that the inner and the outer call would lead to a successful pastorate. The evening meeting was large and enthusiastic. Mr. James Jackson (warden) was in the chair. The Rev. C. Peach spoke on behalf of the Manchester District, and the Rev. W. Harrison as representing the former ministers of the church. The Rev. B. C. Constable welcomed Mr. Short in the name of the East Cheshire Christian Union. Other speakers were the Rev. Principal Gordon, H. McLachlan, and H. Fisher Short, of Crewe. The Rev. Walter Short had an enthusiastic reception on rising to reply. He said that his ministry had opened under the happiest conditions, and it now remained for him to justify the high hopes they had reposed in him. On Sunday, July 11, Mr. Short preached to large congregations. In the morning his text was, "Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off," and in the evening "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." The morning and afternoon schools as well as the young men's class accorded him a hearty welcome.

Tavistock: The Abbey Chapel.—Last Sunday the congregation of the above place of worship held their Sunday School Anniversary Services, the chapel being beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The minister (the Rev. E. Rattenbury Hodges) gave a short discourse in the morning, his subject being "Martha and Mary." The evening service was well attended, and the children sang the hymns in good time and with pleasing expression. The Rev. Mr. Hodges based his discourse upon 2 Sam. xviii. 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The sermon was specially addressed to young persons. A collection on behalf of the school funds was made at each service. The teachers and scholars of the Sunday School connected with the Abbey Chapel had their annual outing on Wednesday, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

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ECHOES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

GEORGE MEREDITH : SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

In the earlier years of our friendship, Meredith worked and slept in the little chalet overhanging the garden by the side of Flint Cottage. There, amidst the "high midsummer poms" of the lingering lights, or in the evenings when the south-wester, which he loved and made the theme to immortal verses, swept by, deepening the contrast of the cosiness within, the talk, now and then reminiscent, ran full and free, varied by the reading of some poem yet unpublished, or of some chapters of a novel on the stocks. Well remembered among these are the earlier pages of "One of Our Conquerors" or "The Amazing Marriage," which, he drolly said, apropos of questions received about an incident as to paternity therein, he would like to have re-named "The Amazing Baby!" In yet deeper imprint on the memory is the recital, in voice of organ roll, of poems unwritten, for Meredith's wonderful memory, keen to retain, in old age, things recent, permitted him to repeat without pause the greater part of a poem of the length of Napoléon of which not a line had then been put on paper.—Edward Clodd, in the *Fortnightly Review* for July.

MR. CHESTERTON ON MEREDITH.

It is an atrocious libel upon Meredith to say that he was scientific or purely psychological or even purely æsthetic. It is a black slander to say that he did not preach, or that his characters are not properly placarded as good and bad. They are; just as much and just as little as in Dickens or any other writer whose books it is endurable to read. Books without morality in them are books that send one to sleep standing up. Meredith at least was not of that sort; he was complex, but quite the reverse of colourless. His convictions may have been right or wrong; but they were very burning convictions. What can that man have meant by saying that his characters are not good men and bad men? He might quite as well have said it about Bunyan.—*Contemporary Review* for July.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICAL IMPROVEMENT.

According to the principle of selection the best will survive in the future as in the past, and mankind will ascend. I do not believe we are likely to undergo any essential changes in a crude physical sense; we are not likely to grow wings, and even our mental powers may not be capable of much further improvement, but ethical improvement seems to me not only possible but probable, on the principle of selection. Mankind will never consist of wholly selfless saints, but the number of those who act in accordance with the ideals of a purer, higher humanity, in whom the care for others and for the whole will limit care for self, will, it is my belief, increase with time, and lead to higher religions, higher ethical conceptions, as it has already done within the period of human existence known to us.—Professor Weismann in the *July Contemporary*.

THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK PSALTER.

The late Father Dolling once told the writer that he never allowed "the cursing psalms" to be sung at St. Agatha's, Landport. We cannot all follow the bold and independent line taken by that intrepid Churchman. But if, as seems probable, the time is not far distant to which in 1879 the late Bishop Westcott looked forward, when "unquestionable errors of rendering and form" in the Prayer Book Psalter should be dealt with by competent authority, may it not be reasonably expected that at the same time the imprecatory psalms shall be removed from their present position in the public services of the Church.—Canon Vaughan, in *The Nineteenth Century* for July.

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Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by E. KENNEDY, at the Office, 3, Essex-street Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agent, JOHN HEYWOOD, 20 to 28, Lambs Conduit-street, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale), JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday, July 17, 1909.